



PROVIDENCE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BUSTLETON



Providence Presbyterian Bustling's

Sunday, January 3, 2021 Issue No. 42



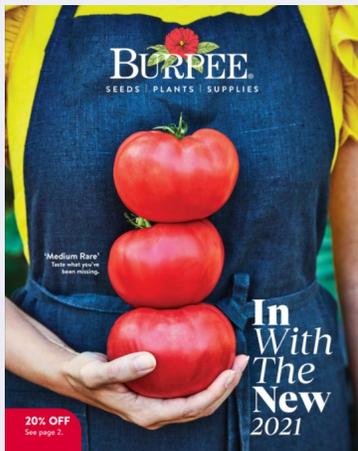
HAPPY NEW YEAR! Welcome 2021. Today is Sunday, January 3rd in the new year of 2021. The Sunday after the new year is Epiphany Sunday. Traditionally Epiphany is celebrated on January 6th which is the 12th Day of Christmas. Epiphany is the celebration of God's manifestation or self-revelation to the world in Jesus Christ. In particular, we celebrate the revelation of God's promise and purpose to the nations of the world, as the magi came from the East to worship to the Christ child, and God's covenant of grace is extended to all who believe the good news of Christ Jesus. The symbolism of light is important: not only because of the star that guided the magi, but as it relates to the bright dawning of God's self-revelation in Christ.

#137 In Your Brown Hymnal

Randy York

Its 3:47AM on New Year's Eve and the only creature stirring is me. I'm thinking about Bill Buckley and hope. Bill Buckley, because in a way he has come to symbolize the "birth" of the New Year. And hope, because of what we all have in some degree come through last year and the possibilities in what lies ahead.

"I hope." They are the last words of Red's soliloquy near the end of The Shawshank Redemption. He has broken his parole and crossed from Ft. Hancock Texas into Mexico to reunite with his friend and former prison mate Andy Dufresne. Earlier in the movie Red reacted to Andy's mention of hope by saying, "Let me tell you something my friend, hope is a dangerous thing." To which Andy replies, "Hope is a good thing, maybe even the best of things."



I encountered hope this past Tuesday. Actually it was delivered to me by our letter carrier. After waking to and walking in a cold, raw, overcast winter morning, I went to retrieve our mail from the box and was greeted by the 2021 Burpee Seed Catalog. Three brilliant red tomatoes graced the cover, and page by page asters and zinnias, strawberries and sunflowers, filled my view. The frosty cold melted into the hope of spring, the smell of freshly picked berries, the taste of that first picked

Jersey tomato. The calendar may have argued that it was months away, but for me, at that moment, the hope and promise of the garden was alive and present.

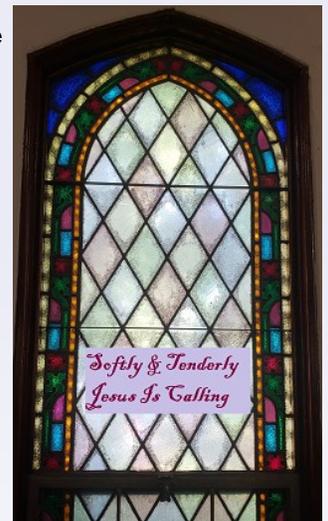
One dictionary defines hope as the longing for something accompanied by the belief of its occurrence. In other words, two boxes need to be checked: desire and trust. As we enter the New Year, hope must be an integral part of our lives. We should begin each day in God's presence. Our trust should be in his faithfulness. God blesses us with wives and husbands, and with family, friends and neighbors. They help share the ride.

They can console and comfort. They can strengthen and help. They cannot however meet our deepest needs; that is reserved for God. There are certain things that God wants us to pour out our hearts to him about. There are certain answers that only he can bestow. There are certain paths where only he can lead. Human bonds are important, but our most valuable possession is our relationship with God. Remember the woman at the well from John's Gospel. She had many relationships but was still unhappy. Jesus told her she was drinking from the wrong well. He told her to "come to me" and I will meet your deepest need.

I have made a few resolutions for the year ahead. I hope to read a book each month. I hope to learn to play some licks on the guitar. Most importantly, I hope to come to know the God I write about more intimately. That relationship will grow if I check those two aforementioned boxes. First, I need to desire each day to meet with God, knowing that he is waiting for me. Secondly, I need to hold my trust in him. Investing in and trusting that relationship with God will make me a better husband, a better friend, a better church member and neighbor. I need to look inward before I move onward; to rest in God and then press on.

If I created a playlist of hope, I would include Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World," Bob Marley's "Redemption Song," "The Weight" by The Band, along with Bruce Springsteen's "The Rising." The first song however would be "Softly and Tenderly." I had never heard the hymn until Barbara and I began coming to our church. But since that first listen, it has become a song of hope, my soundtrack of faith, a call to my ever present prodigal to acknowledge his weariness and "come home."

2021 is given to us my friends and hope is the best thing. Turn to hymn #137 in your brown hymnal. Hope is delivered. Jesus is calling. Come home.





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Prayer Requests

Becky Jensen — For continued prayers for the PNC as they carry on their mission.

From All of Us — For **Brynna**. A 7 year old fight lymphoma cancer.

From All of Us — For **Jack Harkin**, who is recovering from his procedure. Prayers for speedy healing.

Carol Shore — Prayers for her niece **Breaze**, who is in the hospital with Covid.

From All Of Us — Continued prayers for **Wendy Kasper**.

From All Of Us — Prayers for **Margo Mattis**, who is still recovering from foot surgery.

Sheila Zier — Prayers for healing and strength and encouragement for her daughter, **Brittany Zier** as she is battling a serious long term disease.

Michelle Cox — Prayers of healing, comfort, encouragement & strength for her mother, **Jennifer** as she is battling serious long term illnesses.

Margo Mattis — For her Mother, **Jean Miller**, who is had a cardiac procedure this past Wednesday.

Robin McCarter — For her Mother, **Betty Jenkins** who is residing in the Masonic Home.

Jane Cheslo — I am remembering with gratitude the many Joys of Our Christmas Season. Our warm & cozy home. The comforting aromas from the kitchen as every member of the family took turns creating delicious meals. The Contentment as we gathered in the living room to watch movies. Reviving a nearly forgotten tradition of making paper ornaments from the Christmas Cards of our Friends and Loved Ones. Blessings to All this New Year.



For All of Us — Safety and God's blessing for a healthy and joyous 2021.

Bring your Requests to Services On Sunday



Giving a child a new coat positively impacts that child's self-esteem and self-worth. We believe—and school principals, nurses, and social workers agree—that the impact on kids that receive coats from CFK is dramatic, as evidenced by heads held high, smiles, and fewer missed days of school because of illness.

This year has been one of extreme challenges for everyone, which in turn, has exasperated the hardship of those already in need. Barb York is reaching out to those who may have the ability to provide a basic necessity to children in our community. The Sisterhood ministry is in need of new or gently used winter coats for kids. All sizes are welcomed, either for a boy or girl, as the demand is great. They could also use gloves, scarves or hats. Coats will be collected through the end of January. Drop off can be made either in church or arrangements can be made to pick them up. Just email Barb at: yorkie0401@gmail.com.





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We are going to begin 2021 with a new feature called "Your Stories." Simply stated, these are stories from you, that you may wish to share with your Friends and Church Family. This section will come and go periodically going forward, but for the next few weeks or so, we will share some serialized short stories from Marie Celkupa describing her time volunteering with the Christian Appalachian Project in 2008 and 2009. Input is welcome from everyone. Your story need not be lengthy and you can write anonymously if you wish. Just send me a typed or printed page with your story, and I will scan it for inclusion herein. Let us now begin with:

Appalachian Adventures - Marie Celkupa

As a volunteer at Christian Appalachian Project, I spent a year in eastern Kentucky working with the elderly. My assignments varied - sometimes I would clean their houses, sometimes I would paint a bedroom, sometimes I would transport them to doctor's appointments or to the store, and always, I would visit with them and be their friend. I had lived all my life in New Jersey, so traveling the hollers of Appalachia was a great adventure and a huge culture shock. Many of the people I met were fiercely independent and suspicious of strangers. It was hard for them to accept our help, even though it was often desperately needed. In time, I grew to understand them and strong bonds were formed between us.

Miss Margie is very special to me. The first time I met her, I was visiting homes to assess the need for the many work projects which had been requested, and rate their importance. A home health care nurse had requested transportation for Miss Margie each week to go to the hospital and have her abdomen drained. Although she had never had a drop of liquor, Miss Margie has cirrhosis of the liver. In order to get her to the hospital, Margie had asked CAP to build a ramp so that her wheelchair could be taken out of her house, which was the reason for my visit.

To take her to the hospital, it was necessary to leave the office by 6:00 in the morning in order to get her there by 8:00 a.m. After her treatment she always looked forward to stopping at McDonald's for lunch. As the weeks went by, Margie and I grew more and more comfortable with each other. Searching for a common ground of friendship, we, as women have since the beginning of time, settled on cooking and exchanging recipes. Margie told me of the many recipes of her childhood. She fondly remembered making snow milk. You gather nice clean snow, mix it with milk, sugar and any flavoring you have around, and there you have it, a delicious treat! Although her family was poor in material things, she never went hungry. "Well, you fatten up a hog all summer, and then you kill it and salt it down, store it on the back porch, and you have meat all winter." She still remembers one winter when a sudden thaw defrosted the hog and it "turned." "And", she said sadly, "we had no more meat that winter." She and her sisters often went hunting for turtles in the creek and trapped them with flour bags, but she never did like roasted turtle. Her family always had a vegetable garden and the girls and her mother canned "everything." She insisted that no one needs to go hungry if they only have a nice patch of land. *...To Be Continued*

[Click the image below to learn more about the Christian Appalachian Project](#)





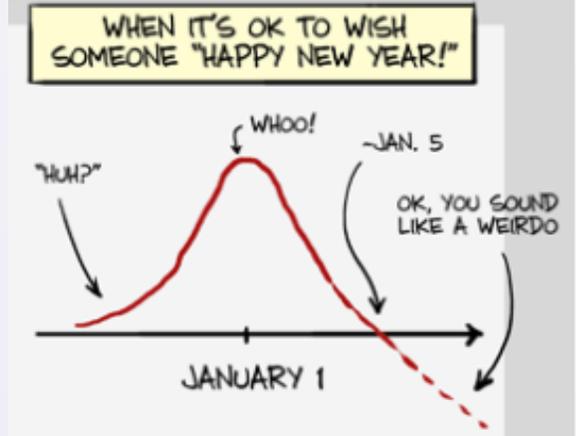
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**WHY WAS 6
AFRAID OF 9
ON NEW
YEAR'S EVE?**
★
Because 9, 8, 7 ...

**I can't wait till
New Year's Day
2021.**
★
**THEN I CAN SAY
HINDSIGHT IS
REALLY 2020.**

